Fidelia.

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BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

THE OCCASION OF the priuate Impreſsion of this Elegie.

Omnibus ad ques peruenerit.

TO preuent thoſe that would elſe bee inquiſitiue after my intent in the diſperſing of this Elegie among my priuate friends, I haue left this Preface to informe them, that after my liberty ſeemed to adde a Periode to my troubles; and I (thinking the worſt paſt) had afreſh ſetled my ſelfe to ſome ſerious ſtudy, (wanting conſideration to foreſee at firſt what was expedient for him to bee furniſhed withall that would compaſſe ſo great a buſineſſe, as my Phantaſy had begunne) I was forced to wreſtle with ſo many lets and diſcouragements in my Fortune, that with all my indeuours, the beſt forwardneſſe I could bring it vnto was, that I had gotten together a confuſed

heape of some materials, necessary for such a fruct ure as I had already fashioned in my braine. Yet despairing not, but comforting my selfe with hope that I should (notwithstanding all disaduantages) one day be able to set together in an vniforme building, what my Inuention had yet drawne to nothing, but an indigested Pile of different matters, I still added something more to that Chaos of conceits, [illegible] as I deemed necessary either to strengthen, or adorne: Which whilst I was so busied about, I almost seemed wholy to forget the looking to my estate; Prouidence (a friend that I was neuer yet well acquainted withall) whispered such doubts, prouisoes, and considerations into my eares, as halfe startled my Muse, and so distempered the whole frame of my Studies, that I could no sooner bend my inuention to my intended Peece, but it was presently confounded by the intrusion of some molested thoughts, oft-times, euen in the very height of conceite.

Wherewith, as it were, awakened, I beganne to foresee my future, and weigh my present estate: and hauing noted the generall condition of Man, with the vncertainty of this worlds fauours; and how done, for the most part, the want of outward fortunes, or a little trouble, will make the best friends weary of their dearest familiars if they become but a little chargeable, I saw reason enough to doubt, that if I should, by neglecting my worthy friends (to apply me wholy to my Studies) weare my selfe out of their respect, and acquaintance: Perhaps hereafter

after, when I had, with my Youth, wasted my Fortunes, and by much labour brought to passe somewhat for others contentments; One mighty Foole or other, incensd by some great Villaine, might for all my paines picke an vniust quarrell, and cause me to bee shut, where despised of the world, forgotten of my friends, and beggar'd in my estate, I may lie and beare my selfe pittyed, onely by a few good Natures, that were not able to helpe mee.

And for the present, I perceiued my late troubles had already, not onely wasted my Time, with the hinderance of my Fortunes, but also brought me so far behind, that I was faine to engage my credit further then euer I thought in that kind to do; which, though I should forfeit but a day, and that neuer so much against my will, many I see would be ready to take that aduantage to my disgrace; whilst few or none, are of so good nature, or noble disposition, as to excuse me, by considering the troubles I had past, and the many vnlooked for occasions that might force me to such an inconuenience. Hereupon I resolued, before I would husie my head with any more inuentions (then for recreation onely) to try if by any meanes I might, first either recouer my former hinderances, or sute my minde with such an estate, as might make mee hereafter able of my selfe (without relying on any others friendships) to beare out the brunt of ensuing misaduentures.

Once I was determined, since most men deemed me a prisoner at his Maiesties charge, to petition that it

would pleaſe him to make me as happy in Deed as I was in Opinion; but when I remembred how little I had in me to deſerue it; & vnderſtood how far my Soueraigne was from being ſo much as acquainted with my endurance, till his iuſtice deliuered mee: and withall knowing, how many that had nothing but begging to liue by, depended on his Royall bounty, I was loath to rob them of their Occupation. And in truth I feared alſo, leaſt (if ought were granted me) I ſhould haue bene faine, after twelue moneths dauncing attendance, to part with three moyties to get one; and perhaps to ſome vnder-Officer, to whom the being beholding would be worſe to me, then three yeares cloſe impriſonment.

Nothing ſomewhat was ſuddenly to be determined of to preuent the loſſe of Time, and ſeeing the beſt men, with their nobleſt actions, obſcured by pouerty, whilſt wealth made the owners thereof eſteemed of thoſe that once ſcorn'd them, and the baſe meanes by which they obtained it quite forgotten: When I perceiued alſo, the greateſt men thought nothing baſe that might increaſe their profite, and that this was no age to ſtand on curious termes, I found ſmall reaſon why I ſhould thinke ſcorne to vndertake any courſe (ſo it were honeſt) that might bring me any ſuch reaſonable beneſite, whereby I might be enabled to keepe euen with the world, and to go forward with what I intended, as well for the good of others, as myne owne contentment.

Therefore finding how helpefull a little Trauell (with

(with ſome commodity) might proue to my intended Studies, at firſt I purpoſing a voyage, went to put out ſomewhat among my friends, to be repaid me again with reaſonable aduantage at my return.

But hauing many wel-willers that, outwardly profeſſing me more then an ordinary loue, ſeemed deſirous of occaſion to ſhew it, I was aduiſed by diuers of my beſt friends to Imprint this Elegie, and put it out for an aduenture amongſt my acquaintance, vpon a certaine conſideration; yet I thought it fit before I preſumed too much vpon them, to make tryall how they ſtood affected to ſuch a proiect: and indeed no ſooner had I diſcouered my intent, but I found euery man in whō I had any confidence, ſo voluntarily ready to accept it, that I haue now ſet it on foote, and hope thereby to make my ſelfe able to compaſſe that, which ſhall make both Me, and Them, gainers by the bargaine.

Yet I truſt no man will imagine that I am driuen to vſe this, as my Vltimum refugium: for let this faile, and the worſt that can betide me, yet I am verily perſwaded God will ſo prouide for mee that I ſhall euer finde an eſtate (or ſure a minde, at leaſt) as ſhall make me content. And therefore I haue vndertaken this, not altogether in hope of profite, but being an honeſt enterpriſe I rather attempt it, partly to make tryall who are my friends, and partly to ſhew this Great World, that the Little World of my Minde is not ſo barren, but it can out of it ſelfe, ſpare ſomewhat wherewithall to make trafique for the others beſt commodities;

in which (my comfort is) if I haue an ill voyage none but I my selfe shall bee in danger to loose any thing, whereas if I make a prosperous returne, many are like to gaine, and perhaps too, more then they had euer hope of.

Now this (among other Poems in my hand, long since pen'd, whereof some might peraduenture haue bene thought fitter for such a purpose) for two reasons I haue made vse of. First, for that it pleased sundry of my friends to make choise hereof: Secondly, I knowing how iealous these times are of my Writings, and how ready some would be to take occasion of hurting me (though they euerlastingly disgraced themselues) thought it good pollicie to take such a Peece as I was certaine would be free from the least exception, whereas else, when I shall looke to haue the liberty of the whole world to wander in, I may chance once againe to be scarce allowed two roomes to walke in. The subiect is but light, yet those I know that desire to do me good, will no lesse accept thereof, then if it were a iewell of some greater value.

Example of such vndertakings, we daily see in Gentlemen, both of good birth and reasonable Fortunes: onely this difference there is, they put out their mony; and I, not onely that, which some will more esteeme, but what, without me, no mony can purchase: They seeke their owne commodity; and I with my particular profite, to be able to do my friends and country good. By this meanes also I shall be sure to be beholding to none, but those that loue

Vertue

Vertue or Mee, and preserue the vnequald happi-
nesse of a free spirit: whereas else being forced to
accept of some particular bounties, it may be, blin-
ded by seeming courtesies, I might fall into the com-
mon basenesse incident to flatterers; and so at
length become like those great Clergy-men of our
times, who dare not vpbraid all sins, for feare they
should seeme so saucy as to reprehend their Patrons.
Yet the best is, I see few apt to corrupt any with
their liberality, though I make no question there be
such; and some Phillips too, that if they knew the
danger of a flatterer, would thinke themselues as
much honoured by that Boy who should euery day
remember them, they were but men, as Alexander
could be by his flye Courtiers, who hourely procla-
med him the son of Iupiter. But I do not greatly
doubt any such alterations: for what euer my for-
tunes be, so far is my Minde in loue with her own
liberty, that with more contentment could I dye
in pouerty, then liue in aboundance subiected to
basenesse. For I cannot admire any one because he is
rich, nor beleeue a Man ought the wiser for his
Titles. I shall neuer praise my Lords running horse
that is a iade, to please him; nor fashion my selfe
to humour his fallies for his reuencwes. I cannot
laugh when hee doth, vnlesse I see some occasion, nor
bee sad when he is so, vnles I loue him: Nor shall I
euer need to do so, if my friends cõtinue but so much
loue, as they haue now begun to make shew of. For
some of my acquaintance out of their own worth on-
ly, others meerly moued by their good will towards

mee,

mee, haue freely profered more, then euer I could of my selfe haue requested: as many, in a sort, strangers, partly in consideration of the good they seemed to haue receiued from my former paines, and partly in hope to make me able to performe some great matter, haue, both by their promises and perswasions so encouraged mee, as I haue now resolued to make triall of the worlds faire shewes of new professed friendship.

If it take effect, I shall thereby find meanes to free my selfe from those cares which might else much abate the vigor of my spirit, trouble my inuentions, and consume my youth, before I could be fit to settle my selfe about that, which if I may liue to effect according to my intent, will require beside an vndisteimperd minde, all the best assistances of Nature, with the vtmost of my endeauours: And if I faile in my hopes it shall neuer discontent me, for my greatest losse will be but a little labour, which will be another way very well recompensed: For when I shall perceiue the no trust that is to be reposed on this worlds loue, I shall euer after be so far from flattering my selfe againe, with any such confidence, or troubling my Minde with studying after others satisfactions, as I will perswade my selfe all my former determinations were but impossible Ideas, and with lesse charge, and paine, enioy alone that delight and contentment, which with diseasing my selfe, I should but share amongst an vnthankefull multitude.

But I make no question I shall find as good succe-

sse

ceſſe in this, as I do, or can iuſtly expect, and the ſooner, becauſe as the proiect is honeſt, ſo it is vnhurtfull to all. And my comfort is, if any ſhould in their fooliſh imagination deeme mee ought diſparaged thereby, it were but their weakeneſſe to thinke ſo; for in reſpect of thoſe baſe courſes, ſutes, and enterpriſes, by which ſome men (now of great account) haue encreaſed and raiſed their fortunes (out of the Dunghill) I hold this honorable, ſeeing I ſhall receiue willingly with loue, what they againſt mens wils, haue either defrauded by ſubtilties, or extorted by violence.

But what meane I? my intent is by this time ſufficiently vnderſtood; and there needs no more Apologies to my friends, becauſe they will approue, or hold it indifferent, and queſtionleſſe to their power further it: Now as for others, they ſhall by my will neuer come to the honour or credite, to be acquainted with a Fidelia.

Valete.

An Elegiacal Epistle of Fidelia to her vnconstant Friend.

THE ARGVMENT.

This Elegiacall Epistle, *being a fragment of some greater Poeme, discouers the modest affections of a discreet and constant woman, shadowed vnder the name of* Fidelia; *wherein you may perceiue the height of their Passions, so farre as they seeme to agree with reason, and keepe within such decent bounds as beseemeth their Sexe, but further it meddles not. The occasion seemes to proceed from some mutabilitie in her friend; whose obiections she here presupposing, cõfuteth, and in the person of him, iustly vpbraideth all that are subiect to the like change, or fickleneſſe in minde. Among the rest some more weightie Arguments then are (perhaps) expected in such a subiect, are briefly, and yet somewhat seriously handled.*

OFt I heard tell, and now for truth I finde,
Once out of sight, and quickly out of minde.
And that it hath beene rightly sayd of old,
Loue that's soon ſt hot, is euer soonest cold.

Or

Fidelia.

Or elſe my teares at this time had not ſtain'd
The ſpotleſſe paper, nor my lines complain'd.
I had not now beene forced to haue ſent
Theſe for the *Nuncio's* of my diſcontent;
Or thus exchanged, ſo vnhappily,
My ſongs of mirth, to write an Elegie.
But now I muſt; and ſince I muſt doe ſo,
Let me but craue thou wilt not flout my woe:
Nor entertaine my ſorrowes with a ſcoffe,
But at leaſt reade them, ere thou caſt them off.
And though thy heart's too hard to haue compaſſion,
If thoul't not pitty, doe not blame my *Paſſion*.
For well thou know'ſt (alas that er'e 'twas knowne)
There was a time (although that time be gone)
I, that for this, ſcarce dare a beggar bee,
Preſum'd for more to haue commanded thee.
Yea the *Day* was (but ſee how things may change)
When thou and I haue not been halfe ſo ſtrange;
But oft embraced with a gentle greeting,
And no worſe words then *Turtle-Doue*, or *Sweeting*.
Yea had thy meaning, and thoſe vowes of thine,
Prou'd but as faithfull, and as true as mine,
Much had been ſo; (for I doe not faine)
I ſhould reioyce it might be ſo againe.
But ſith thy *Loue* growes cold, and thou vnkinde,
Be not diſpleaſ'd I ſomewhat breath my minde.
I am in hope my words may proue a mirror,
Wherein thou looking, may'ſt behold thine error.

And

And yet the *Heauen*, and my ſad heart doth know,
How grieu'd I am, and with what feeling woe
My minde is tortured, to thinke that I
Should be the brand of thy diſloyalty:
Or line, to be the author of a line,
That ſhall be tainted with a fault of thine;
(Since if that thou but ſlightly touched bee,
Deepe wounds of griefe, and ſhame, it ſtrikes in me)
And yet I muſt; ill hap compels mee to
What I nere thought to haue had cauſe to doe.
And therefore ſeeing that ſome angry *Fate*
Impoſes on me, what I ſo much hate:
Or ſince it is ſo, that the Powers diuine
Me miſerable, to ſuch cares aſſigne;
Oh that *Loues* patron, or ſome ſacred *Muſe*
Amongſt my *Paſſions*, would ſuch Art infuſe,
My well-fram'd words, and aiery ſighes might proue,
The happy blaſts to re-inflame thy loue.
Or at leaſt touch thee with thy fault ſo neere,
That thou mightſt ſee thou wrongd'ſt, who held thee deere:
Seeing, confeſſe the ſame, and ſo abhorre it;
Abhorring, pitty, and repent thee for it.
But (*Deare*) I hope that I may call thee ſo,
For thou art deare to me, although a foe;
Tell me, is't true that I doe heare of thee,
And by thy abſence now, ſo ſeemes to bee?
Can ſuch abuſe be in thy court of *Loue*,
Falſe and inconſtant now, thou *Hee* ſhouldſt proue?

He

Fidelia.

He that ſo wofull, and ſo penſiue late,
Vowing his ſeruice at my feete of late?
Art thou that *quondam* lover, whoſe ſad eye
I never ſaw yet, in my preſence dry?
And from whoſe gentle-ſeeming tongue I knowe
So many pitty-moving words could flow?
Was't thou ſo ſought ſt my loue, ſo ſeeking thas
As if it had been all th'hadſt aimed at;
Making me thinke thy *Paſſion* without ſtaine,
And gently quite thee with my loue againe:
With this perſwaſion I ſo fairely plac'd it,
Nor *Time*, nor *Enuie* ſhould haue er'e defac'd it.
Is't ſo? haue I done thus much? and art thou
So over-cloyed with my favours now?
Art wearied ſince with loving, and eſtranged
So farre? Is thy affection ſo much changed,
That I of all my hopes muſt be deceaved,
And all good thoughts of thee, be quite bereaved?
Then I finde true, which long before this day,
I fear'd my ſelfe, and heard ſome wiſer ſay:
That there is nought on earth ſo ſweet, that can
Long reliſh with the curious taſt of Man.
Happy was I; yea well it was with me,
Before I came to be bewitch'd by thee.
I ioy'd the ſweet'ſt content that ever *Mayd*
Poſſeſſed yet; and truely wel-a-paid,
Made to my ſelfe alone, as pleaſant mirth
As ever any *Virgin* did, on earth.

The

The melody I vſ'd was free, and ſuch,
As that Bird makes, whom never hand did touch,
But vn-allur'd with Fowlers, whiſtling flies
Aboue the reach of humane treacheries.
And well I doe remember, often then
Could I reade or'e the policies of men,
Diſcover what vncertainties they were,
How they would ſigh, looke ſad, proteſt, and ſweare,
Nay faigne to dye, when they did never proue
The ſlendreſt touch of a right worthy loue;
But had chil'd hearts, whoſe dulneſſe vnderſtood
No more of *Paſſion*, then they did of good.
All which I noted well, and in my minde
(A generall humor amongſt women kinde)
This vow I made; (thinking to keepe it than)
That never the faire tongue of any man,
Nor his complaint, though never ſo much grieu'd,
Should moue my heart to liking whil'ſt I liu'd.
But who can ſay what ſhe ſhall liue to doe?
I haue beleeu'd, and let in liking too,
And that ſo farre, I cannot yet ſee how
I may ſo much as hope, to helpe it now;
Which makes me thinke, what e're we women ſay,
Another minde will come, another day:
And that men may to things vnhop't for clime,
Who watch but *Opportunity*, and *Time*.
For 'tis well knowne, we were not made of clay,
Or ſuch courſe, and ill-temper'd ſtuffe as they,

Fo

For he that fram'd vs of their fleſh, did daigne
When 'twas at beſt, to new refine't againe.
Which makes vs ever ſince the kinder *Creatures*,
Of farre more flexible, and yeelding *Natures*.
And as we oft excell in outward parts,
So we haue nobler, and more gentle hearts.
Which you well knowing, daily doe deviſe
How to imprint on them your *Cruelties*.
But doe I finde my cauſe thus bad indeed?
Or elſe on things imaginary feed?
Am I the laſſe that late ſo truly iolly,
Made my ſelfe merry oft, at others folly?
Am I the Nymph that *Cupids* fancies blam'd,
That was ſo cold, ſo hard to be inflam'd?
Am I my ſelfe? or is my ſelfe that *Shee*
Who from this *Thraldome*, or ſuch falſhoods free,
Late own'd mine owne heart, and full merry then,
Did fore-warne others to beware of Men,
And could not, having taught them what to doe,
Now learne my ſelfe, to take heed of you too?
Foole that I am; I feare my guerdon's iuſt,
In that I hane this, and preſum'd to truſt.
And yet (alas) for ought that I could tell,
One ſparke of goodneſſe in the world might dwell.
And then I thought, if ſuch a thing might bee,
Why might not that one ſparke remaine in thee?
For thy faire out-ſide, and thy fairer tongue,
Promiſed much, although thy yeares were yong.

And

And *Vertue*, whereſoever ſhe be now,
Seem'd then to ſit enthron'd vpon thy brow.
Yea ſure it was; But whether 'twere or no,
Certaine I am, I was perſwaded ſo,
Which made me loth to think that words of faſhion
Could be ſo fram'd, ſo over-laid with *Paſſion*,
Or ſighes ſo feeling fain'd from any breſt;
Nay ſay thou hadſt been falſe in all the reſt,
Yet from thine eye my heart ſuch notice tooke,
Me thought guile could not faine ſo ſad a looke.
But now I've try'd, my bought experience knowes,
They are oft worſt that make the faireſt ſhowes.
And howſoe're men faigne an outward grieving,
'Tis neither worth reſpecting, nor beleeving.
For the that doth one to her mercie take,
Warmes in her boſome but a frozen ſnake:
Which heated with her favours, gathers ſence,
And ſtings her to the heart in recompence.
But tell me why, and for what ſecret ſpight
You in poore womens miſeries delight:
For ſo it ſeemes; elſe why d'yee labour for
That, which when 'tis obtain'd, you doe abhor?
Or to what end doe you endure ſuch paine
To winne our loue, and caſt it off againe?
Oh that we either your hard hearts could borrow,
Or elſe your ſtrengths to helpe vs beare our ſorrow!
But we are cauſe of all this griefe and ſhame,
And we haue none but our owne ſelues to blame.

For ſtill we ſee your falſhoods for our learning,
Yet never can haue power to tak't for warning;
But as if borne to be deluded by you,
We know you truſtleſſe, and yet ſtill we try you.
(Alas) what wrong was in my power to doe thee?
Or what deſpight haue I er'e done vnto thee?
That thou ſhouldſt chooſe Me, aboue all the reſt,
To be thy ſcorne, and thus be made a ieſt.
Muſt mens ill natures ſuch true villains proue them,
To make them onely wrong thoſe moſt that loue them?
Couldſt thou finde none in *Country*, *Towne* nor *Court*,
But onely Me, to make thy *Foole*, thy ſport?
Thou knowſt I haue no wanton courſes runne,
Nor ſeemed eaſie vnto lewdneſſe wonne.
And though I cannot boaſt mee of much wit,
Thou ſaw'ſt no ſigne of fondneſſe in me yet.
Nor did ill nature ever ſo ore-ſway me,
To ſlout at any that did wooe or pray me.
But grant I had beene guilty of abuſage,
Of thee I'me ſure I ner'e deſeru'd ſuch vſage.
But thou wer't grieved to behold my ſmilings,
When I was free from loue, and thy beguilings.
Or to what purpoſe elſe, didſt thou beſtow
Thy time, and ſtudy to delude me ſo?
Haſt thou good parts? and doſt thou bend them all
To bring thoſe that ne're hated thee in thrall?
Prethee take heed, although thou yet enioy'ſt them
They'l[illegible]ooke from thee, if thou ſo imploy'ſt them.

For

For though I wiſh not the leaſt harme to thee,
I feare, the iuſt *Heavens* will revenged be.
Oh! what of *Mee* by this time had become,
If my deſires with thine had hapt to rome,
Or I, vnwiſely had conſented to
What (ſhameleſſe) once thou didſt attempt to doe?
I might haue ſaine, by thoſe immodeſt trickes,
Had not ſome power been ſtronger then my Sex.
And if I ſhould haue ſo been drawne to folly,
I ſaw thee apt enough to be vnholy.
Or if my weakneſſe had been prone to ſinne,
I poorely by thy ſtrength had ſuccour'd bin.
You *Men* make vs beleeue you doe but try,
And that's your part (you ſay) ours to deny.
Yet I much feare, if we through frailty ſtray,
There's few of you within your bounds will ſtay;
But, maugre all your ſeeming *Vertue*, bee
As ready to forget your ſelues, as we.
I might haue fear'd thy part of loue not ſtrong,
When thou didſt offer me ſo baſe a wrong.
And that I after loath'd thee not, did proue
In me ſome extraordinary *Loue*.
For ſure had any other, but in thought,
Preſum'd vnworthily what thou haſt ſought,
Might it appeare, I ſhould do thus much for him,
With a ſcarce reconciled hate abhorre him.
My yong experience never yet did know
How fire might range ſo farre, or no,

To

Fidelia.

To make true *Louers* carelesly request,
What rash enioying makes them most vnblest,
Or blindly, thorow frailty giue consenting
To that, which done brings nothing but repenting.
But in my iudgement it doth rather proue
That thou art fir'd with lust, then warm'd with loue.
And if it be for proofe men so proceed,
It shewes a doubt, else what do trials need?
And where is that man living ever knew
That false distrust, could be with loue that's true?
Since the meere cause of that vnblam'd effect,
Such an opinion is, as hates suspect.
And yet I will thee, and thy loue excuse,
If thou wilt ne ither me, nor mine abuse.
For Ile suppose thy passion made thee proffer
That vnto me, thou to none else wouldst offer.
And so, thinke thou; if I haue thee deny'd,
Whom I more lou'd then all men else beside.
What hope haue they, such favours to obtaine,
That never halfe so much respect could gaine?
Such was my loue, that I did value thee
Aboue all things below eternitie.
Nothing on *Earth* vnto my heart was nearer,
No ioy so prized, nor no iewell dearer.
Nay; I do feare I did *Idolatrize*,
For which *Heauens* wrath inflicts these miseries,
And makes the things which it for blessings sent.
To be renewers of my discontent.

Where was there any of the *Naiades*,
The *Dryades*, or the *Hamadryades*?
Which of the *Brittish* shires can yee'd againe,
A n istresse of the Spring, or Wood, or Plaine?
Whose eie enioy'd more sweet contents then mine,
Till I receiu'd my ouerthrow by thine?
Where's she did more delight in Springs and Rils?
Where's she that walk'd more Groues, or Downes, or Hils?
Or could by such faire artlesse prospects, more,
Adde by conceite, to her contentments store
Then I; whilst thou wert true, and with thy Graces,
Didst giue a pleasing presence to those places?
But now *What is*; *What was* hath ouerthrowne,
My Rose-deckt allies, now with Rue are strowne;
And from those flowers that honyed vse to be,
I sucke nought now but iuyce to poyson me.
For eu'n as she, whose gentle spirit can rise,
To apprehend *Loues* noble mysteries,
Spying a precious *iewell* richly set.
Shine in some corner of her *Cabinet*,
Taketh delight at first to gize vpon
The pretty lustre of the sparkling stone,
And pleas'd in minde, by that doth seeme to see
How vertue shines through base obscuritie;
But prying neerer, seeing it doth proue
Some relique of her deere deceased *Loue*,
Which to her sad remembrance doth lay ope,
What she most sought, and sees most far from hope:

Fainting almoſt beneath her *Paſſions* weight,
And quite forgetfull of her firſt conceit;
Looking vpon't againe, from thence ſhe borrowes
Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her ſorrowes.
So I beholding *Natures* curious bowers,
Seel'd, ſtrow'd and trim'd vp with leaues, hearbs, & flo-
Walke pleaſed on awhile, and do devize (wers.
How on each obiect I may moralize.
But er'e I pace on many ſteps, I ſee
There ſtands a *Hawthorne* that was trim'd by thee:
Here thou didſt once ſlip off the virgin-ſpraies,
To crowne me with a wreath of living Bayes.
On ſuch a banke, I ſee how thou didſt lye,
When viewing of a ſhady *Mulbery*,
The hard miſhap thou didſt to me diſcuſſe
Of loving *Thysbe*, and yong *Piramus*:
And oh (thinke I) how pleaſing was it then,
Or would be yet, might he returne agen.
But if ſome neighbouring *Row* do draw me to
Thoſe *Arbors*, where the ſhadowes ſeeme to wooe
The weary loue-ſicke *Paſſenger*, to ſit
And view the beauties *Nature* ſtrowes on it:
How faire (think I) would this ſweet place appeare,
If he I loue, were ſporting with me here!
Nay, every ſeuerall obiect that I ſee,
Doth ſeverally (methinkes) remember thee.
But the delight I vſ'd from it to gather,
I now exchange for cares, and ſeeke them rather.

But

But those whose dull and grosse affections can
Extend but onely to desire a *Mayd*,
Cannot the depth of these rare *Passions* know:
For their imaginations flagge too low;
And cause their base *Conceits* do apprehend
Nothing but that whereto the flesh doth tend.
In *Loues* embraces they nere reach vnto
More of content then the bruite *Creatures* do.
Neither can any judge of this, but such
Whose braver minds for braver thoughts do touch.
And having spirits of a nobler frame,
Feele the true heat of *Loues* vnquenched flame.
They may conceiue aright what smarting sting
To their *Remembrances* the place will bring,
Where they did once enioy, and then doe misse,
What to their soules most deere and pretious is.
With me 'tis so; for those walkes that once seem'd
Pleasing, wh n I of thee was more esteem'd,
To me appeare most desolate and lonely,
And are the places now of torment onely.
Where I the highest of contents did borrow,
There I am paid it home with treble sorrow.
Vnto one place I do remember well,
We walk't the eu'nings to heare *Philomell*:
And that seemes now to want the light it had:
The shadow of the *Grou's* more dull and sad,
As if it were a place but fit for Fowles
That screech ill lucke; as melancholy *Owles*,

Or fatall *Rauens*, that ſcild boding good,
Croke their blacke *Auguries* from ſome dark wood.
Then if from thence I halfe deſpairing go, B. H.
Another place beginnes another woe:
For thus vnto my thought it ſeemes to ſay,
Hither thou ſaw'ſt him riding once that way;
Thither to meete him thou didſt nimbly haſt thee,
Yon he alighted, and eu'n there embrac'd thee:
Which whilſt I ſighing wiſh to do againe,
Another obiect brings another paine;
For paſſing by that *Greene*, which (could it ſpeake)
Would tell it ſaw vs runne at *Barly-breake*;
There I beheld, what on a thin rin'd tree
Thou had'ſt engrauen for the loue of mee;
When we two, all alone, in heate of day,
With chaſte embraces draue ſwift houres away:
Then I remember too, vnto my ſmart,
How loath we were, when time compel'd to part;
How cunningly thy *Paſſions* thou could'ſt faine,
In taking leaue, and comming backe againe:
So oft, vntill (as ſeeming to forget
We were departing) downe againe we ſet;
And freſhly in that ſweete diſcourſe went on,
Which now I almoſt faint to thinke vpon.
Viewing againe thoſe other Walkes, and Groues
That haue bene witneſſes of our chaſte loues;
When I behold thoſe Trees whoſe tender skin
Hath that cut out, which ſtill cuts me within.

Or

Or come: by chance, vnto that pretty Rill
Where thou wouldſt ſit, and teach the neighboring (Hill
To anſwere in an Eccho vnto thoſe
Rare *Problems* which thou often didſt propoſe.
When I come there (thinke I) if theſe could take
That vſe of words and ſpeech which we partake,
They might vnfold a thouſand pleaſures then
Which I ſhall neuer liue to taſt agen:
And thereupon *Remembrance* doth ſo racke
My thoughts, with repreſenting what I lacke,
That in my minde thoſe Clerkes do argue well,
Which hold *Priuation* the greateſt plague of hell.
For there's no torment gripes me halfe ſo bad,
As the *Remembrance* of thoſe ioyes I had.
Oh haſt thou quite forgot, when ſitting by
The bankes of *Thame*, beholding how the *fry*
Play'd on the ſiluer waues? There where I firſt
Granted to make my *Fortune* thus accurſt;
There where thy too-too earneſt ſuite compel'd
My ouer ſoone beleeuing heart to yeeld
One fauour firſt, which then another drew
To get another, till (alas) I rue
That day and houre, thinking I neere ſhould need
(As now) to grieue for doing ſuch a deed.
So freely I my curteſies beſtow'd
That whoſe I was vnwarily I ſhow'd,
And to my heart ſuch paſſage made for thee,
Thou canſt not to this day remoued be,

And what breaſt could reſiſt it, having ſeene
How true thy loue had in appearance beene.
For I ſhall ner'e forget, when thou hadſt there
Laid open euery diſcontent and care,
Wherewith thou deeply ſeemd'ſt to me oppreſt,
When thou (as much as any could proteſt)
Had'ſt vow'd and ſworne, and yet perceiu'dſt no ſigne
Of pitty mouing in this breſt of mine:
Well Loue (ſaid'ſt thou) ſince neither ſigh nor vow,
Nor any ſeruice may preuaile me now:
Since neither the recitall of my ſmart,
Nor thoſe ſtrong *Paſſions* that aſſaile my heart,
Nor any thing may moue thee to beliefe
Of theſe my ſufferings, or to grant reliefe:
Since there's no comfort, nor deſert, that may
Get me ſo much as *Hope* of what I pray;
Sweete *Loue* farewell, farewell faire beauties light,
And euery pleaſing obiect of the ſight:
My poore deſpairing heart here biddeth you,
And all Content, for euermore adue.
Then eu'n as thou ſeemd'ſt ready to depart,
Reaching that hand, which after gaue my heart,
(And thinking this ſad *Farewell* did proceed,
From a ſound breſt but truely mou'd indeed)
I ſtaied thy departing from me ſo,
Whilſt I ſtood mute with ſorrow, thou for ſhow.
And the meane while as I beheld thy looke,
My eye th'impreſſion of ſuch *Pitty* tooke,

That

That, with the ſtrength of *Paſſion* ouercome,
A deepe-fetch't ſigh my heart came breathing from:
Whereat thou (euer wiſely vſing this
To take aduantage when it offered is)
Renewd'ſt thy ſute to me, who did affoord
Conſent, in ſilence firſt, and then in word.
So for that yeelding thou maiſt thanke thy wit:
And yet when euer I remember it,
Truſt me, I muſe, and often, wondring, thinke
Thorough what craney, or what ſecret chinke
That *Loue* vnwares, ſo like a ſlye cloſe Elfe,
Did to my heart inſinuate it ſelfe.
Gallants I had, before thou cam'ſt to woo,
Could as much loue, and as well court me too;
And though they had not learned ſo the faſhion,
Of acting ſuch well-counterfeited *Paſſion*;
In wit, and perſon, they did equall thee,
And worthier ſeem'd, vnleſſe thou'lt faithfull bee.
Yet ſtill vnmou'd, vnconquer'd I remain'd,
No, not one thought of loue was enterta n'd:
Nor could they brag of the leaſt fauour to them,
Saue what meere courteſie enioyn'd to do them.
Hard was my heart: But would't had harder bin,
And then, perhaps, I had not let thee in,
Thou *Tyrant*, that art ſo imperious there,
And onely tak'ſt delight to *Dominere*.
But held I out ſuch ſtrong, ſuch oft aſſailing,
And euer kept the honour of preuailing?

Fidelia.

Was this poore breaſt from loues allurings free,
Cruell to all, and gentle vnto thee?
Did I vnlocke that ſtrong affections dore,
That neuer could be broken ope before,
Onely to thee? and at thy interceſſion
So freely giue vp all my hearts poſſeſſion:
That to my ſelfe I left not one poore veine,
Nor power, nor will to put thee from't againe?
Did I do this, and all on thy bare vow,
And wilt thou thus requite my kindneſſe now?
Oh that thou eirher hadſt not learn'd to faine,
Or I had power to caſt thee off againe!
How is it that thou art become ſo rude,
And ouer-blinded by *Ingratitude*?
Swearſt thou ſo deeply that thou wouldſt perſeuer
That I might thus be caſt away for euer?
Well, then tis true that Louers periuries,
Among ſome men, are thought no iniuries:
And that ſhe, onely, hath leaſt cauſe of griefe,
Who of your wordes hath, ſmalſt or, no beliefe.
Had I the wooer bin, or fondly woon,
This had bin more tho, then thou couldſt haue don;
But neither being ſo, what Reaſon is
On thy ſide, that ſhould make thee offer this?
I know, had I beene falſe, or my faith faild,
Thou wouldſt at womens ficklenеſſe haue raild:
And if in me it had an errour bin,
In thee ſhall the ſame fault bee thought no ſin?

Rather

Fidelia.

Rather I hold that which is bad in mee,
Will be a greater blemiſh vnto thee;
Becauſe by *Nature* thou art made more ſtrong,
And therefore abler to endure a wrong.
But tis our *Fortune*, you'l haue all the power,
Onely the *Care*, and *Burthen* muſt be our.
Nor can you be content a wrong to do,
Vnleſſe you lay the blame vpon vs too.
Oh that there were ſome gentle-minded *Poet*
That knew my heart, as well as now I know it;
And would endeare me to his loue ſo much,
To giue the world (though but) a ſlender touch
Of that ſad *Paſſion* which now clogs my heart,
And ſhew my truth, and thee how falſe thou art:
That all might know, what is beleeu'd by no man,
Theres fickleneſſe in men, and faith in woman.
Thou ſawſt I firſt let *Pity* in, then liking,
And laſtly that which was thy onely ſeeking;
And when I might haue ſcornd that loue of thine,
(As now vngently thou deſpiſeſt mine,)
Among the inmoſt Angles of my breſt,
To lodge it by my heart I thought it beſt:
Which thou haſt ſtolne too like a thankeleſſe Mate,
And left me nothing but a blacke ſelfe-hate.
What canſt thou ſay for this, to ſtand contending?
What colour haſt thou left for thy offending?
That wit, perhaps, hath ſome excuſe in ſtore,
Or an euaſion to eſcape a ſore.

But well I know, if thou excuſe this treaſon,
It muſt be by ſome greater thing then reaſon.
Are any of thoſe *Vertues* yet defac'd,
On which thy firſt affection ſeemed plac'd?
Hath any ſecret foe my true faith wronged,
To rob the bliſſe that to my heart belonged?
What then? ſhall I condemned be vnheard,
Before thou knoweſt how I may be clear'd?
Thou art acquainted with the times condition,
Know'ſt it is full of enuy, and ſuſpition,
So that the war'eſt in thought, word, and action,
Shall be moſt iniur'd by foule-mouth'd detraction:
And therfore thou, me-thinks, ſhold'ſt wiſely pauſe
Before thou credit rumors without cauſe.
But I haue gotten ſuch a confidence
In thy opinion, of my innocence:
It is not that, I know, with-holds thee now:
Sweet, tell me then; is it ſome ſacred vow?
Haſt thou reſolued, not to ioyne thy hand
With any one in *Hymens* holy band?
Thou ſhouldſt haue done it then, when thou wert free
Before thou hadſt bequeath'd thy ſelfe to mee.
What vow doſt deeme more pleaſing vnto *Heauen*,
Then what is by vnfaigned louers giuen?
If any be, yet ſure it frowneth at
Thoſe that are made for contradicting that.
But if thou wouldſt liue chaſtely all thy life,
That thou maiſt do, though we be man and wife:

Or

Or if thou long'ſt a *Virgin*-death to die,
Why, if it be thy pleaſure, ſo do I.
Make me but thine, and I'le (contented) bee
A Virgin ſtill, yet liue and lie with thee.
Then let not thy inuenting braine aſſay
To mocke, and ſtill delude me euery way;
But call to minde, how thou haſt deepely ſworne
Nor to neglect, nor leaue me thus forlorne.
And if thou wilt not be to me as when
We firſt did loue, do but come ſee me then;
Vouchſafe that I may ſometime with thee walke,
Or ſit and looke on thee, or heare thee talke;
And I, that moſt content once aimed at,
Will thinke there is a world of bliſſe in that.
Doſt thou ſuppoſe that my *Deſire* denies
With thy Affections well to ſympathize?
Or ſuch peruerſneſſe haſt thou found in me,
May make our *Natures* diſagreeing be?
Thou know'ſt when thou didſt wake, I could not ſleep,
And if thou wert but ſad, that I ſhould weep.
Yet euen when the teares my cheeke did ſtaine
If thou didſt ſmile, why I could ſmile againe:
I neuer did contrary thee in ought:
Nay, thou canſt tell, I oft haue ſpake thy thought.
Waking; the ſelfe-ſame courſe with thee I runne,
And ſleeping, oftentimes our dreames were one.
The Dyall needle, though it ſence doth want,
Still bends to the beloued *Adamant*,

Life

Fidelia.

Lift the one vp, the other vpward tends;
If this fall downe, that presently descends:
Turne but about the stone, the steele turnes too;
Then straight returnes, if but the other do;
And if it stay, with trembling keepes one place,
As if it panting, long'd for an imbrace.
So was't with me: for if thou merry wer't,
That mirth of thine, mou'd ioy within my heart:
I sighed too, when thou didst sigh, or frowne;
When thou wer't sick, thou hast perceiu'd me swowne;
And being sad, haue oft, with forc'd delight,
Striu'd to giue thee content, beyond my might.
When thou wouldst talk, then haue I talk'd with thee,
And silent been, when thou wouldst silent be.
If thou abrode didst goe, with ioy I went;
If home thou lou'dst, at home was my content:
Yea, what did to my *Nature* disagree,
I could make pleasing, cause it pleased thee.
But if't be either my weake Sexe, or youth,
Makes thee misdoubt my vndistained truth,
Know this; as none till that vnhappy hower,
VVhen I was first made thine, had euer power
To moue my heart, by vowes, or teares expence,
No more, I sweare, could any *Creature* since.
No lookes but thine, though aim'd with *Passions* Art,
Could pierce so deepe to penetrate my hart.
No name but thine, was welcome to my eare,
No word did I so soone, so gladly heare:

Nor

Fidelia.

Nor neuer could my eyes behold, or ſee,
VVhat I was ſince delighted in, but thee.
And ſure, thou wouldſt beleeue it to be ſo,
If I could tell, or words might make thee know,
How many a wearie night my tumbled bed
Hath knowne me ſleepleſſe: what ſalt teares I'ue ſhed
VVhat ſcalding ſighes, the markes of ſoules oppreſt
Haue hourely breathed from my carefull breſt:
Nor wouldſt thou deeme thoſe waking ſorrowes fain'd
If thou mightſt ſee how ſleeping I am pain'd.
For if ſometimes I chance to take a ſlumber,
Vnwelcome dreames my broken reſt doth cumber,
VVhich dreaming makes me ſtart, ſtarting with feares
VVakes; and ſo waking I renew my cares:
Vntill my eyes ore-tir'd with watch and weeping,
Drownd in their owne flouds, fall againe to ſleeping.
Oh! that thou couldſt but thinke, when laſt we parted,
How much I, grieuing for thy abſence, ſmarted.
My very ſoule fell ſicke, my heart to aking,
As if they had their laſt *Farewels* been taking;
Or feared by ſome ſecret Diuination,
This thy revolt, and cauſeleſſe alteration.
Didſt thou not feele how loth that hand of mine,
VVas to let go the hold it had of thine?
And with what heauy, what vnwilling looke,
I leaue of thee, and then of comfort tooke?
I know thou didſt; and though now thus thou doe,
I am deceiu'd, but then it grieu'd thee too.

Then

Then, if I ſo with *Loues* fell paſſion vext
For thy departure onely was perplext,
When I had left to ſtrengthen me ſome truſt,
And hope, that thou wold'ſt ne're haue prou'd vniuſt:
What was my torture then and hard endurance,
When of thy falſhood I receiu'd aſſurance.
Alas my tongue, a while, with griefe was dumbe,
And a cold ſhuddering did my ioynts benumme,
Amazement ſeiz'd my thought, and ſo preuailed,
I found me ill, but knew not what I ayled;
Nor can I yet tell, ſince my ſuffering then
Was more then could be ſhowne by Poets pen;
Or well conceau'd by any other hart
Then that which in ſuch care hath borne a part.
Oh me; how loath was I to haue beleeu'd
That to be true, for which ſo much I grieu'd?
How gladly would I haue perſwaded bin
There had bin no ſuch matter, no ſuch ſin.
I would haue had my heart thinke that (I knew
To be the very truth) not to be true.
Why may not this, thought I, ſome viſion be,
Some ſleeping dreame, or waking phantaſie
Begotten by my ouer-blinded folly,
Or elſe engendred through my *Melancholy*?
But finding it ſo reall (thought I) then
Muſt I be caſt from all my hopes agen?
What are become of all thoſe fading bliſſes,
Which late my hope had, and now ſo much miſſes?

Where

Fidelia.

Where is that future fickle happineſſe
Which I ſo long expected to poſſeſſe?
And though: I too; where are his dying *Paſſions*,
His honied words, his bitter lamentations?
To what end were his *Sonnets*, *Epigrams*,
His pretty *Poſies*, witty *Anagrams*?
I could not thinke, all that might haue ben fain'd,
Nor any faith I thought ſo firme bin ſtain'd:
Nay, I do ſure and confidently know,
It is not poſſible it ſhould be ſo;
If that rare Art and *Paſſion* was thine owne,
Which in my preſence thou haſt often ſhowne.
But ſince thy change, my much preſaging heart
Is halfe afrai'd, thou ſome Impoſtor wer't:
Or that thou didſt but (Player-like addreſt)
Act that which flow'd frō ſome more gentle breſt.
Thy puſt inuention, with worſe matter ſwolne,
Thoſe thy conceites from better wits hath ſtolne:
Or elſe I know it could not be, that thou
Shouldſt be ſo ouer-cold as thou art now;
Since thoſe, who haue that feelingly their owne,
Euer poſſeſſe more worth conceal'd, then knowne.
And if *Loue* euer any Mortals touch,
To make a braue impreſſion 'tis in ſuch,
Who ſworne loues Chaplaines will not violate
That, whereunto themſelues they conſecrate.
But oh you noble broad, on whom the world
The ſlighted burthen of neglect hath hurl'd,

Becauſe

Fidelia.

(Becauſe your thoughts for higher obiects borne,
Their groueling humors and affections ſcorne)
You whom the *Gods*, to heare your ſtraines, wil follow,
VVhilſt you do court the ſiſters of *Apollo*.
You whom there's none thats worthy, can neglect,
Or any that vnworthy is, affect:
Do not let thoſe that ſeeke to doe you ſhame,
Bewitch vs with thoſe ſongs they cannot frame:
The nobleſt of our Sexe, and faireſt too,
Doe euer loue and honour ſuch as you.
Then wrong vs not ſo much to giue your *Paſſion*
To thoſe that haue it but in imitation:
And in their dull breaſts neuer feele the power
Of ſuch deepe thoughts as ſweetly moue in your.
As well as you, they vs thereby abuſe,
For (many times) when we our *Lowers* chuſe,
VVhere we thinke *Nature* that rich *Iewell* ſets
VVhich ſhines in you, we light on counterfets.
But ſee, ſee whither diſcontentment beares me,
And to what vncoth ſtraines my *Paſſion* reares me:
Yet pardon me, I here againe repent,
If I haue erred through that diſcontent.
Be what thou wilt, be counterfeit or right,
Be conſtant, ſerious, or be vaine, or light,
My loue remaines inviolate the ſame,
Thou canſt be nothing that can quench this flame,
But it will burne as long as thou haſt breath
To keepe it kindled (if not after death)

Nere

Fidelia.

Ne're was there one more true, then I to thee
And though my faith muſt now deſpiſed be,
Vnpriz'd, vnualued at the loweſt rate;
Yet this Ile tell thee, 'tis not all thy ſtate,
Nor all that better-ſeeming worth of thine,
Can buy thee ſuch another *Loue* as mine:
Liking it may, but oh there's as much odds,
Twixt loue and that, as betweene men and Gods:
And 'tis a purchaſe not procur'd with treaſure,
As ſome fooles think, nor to be gain'd at pleaſure.
For were it ſo, and any could aſſure it,
What would not ſome men part with, to procure it?
But though thou weigh't not, as thou oughteſt to doe,
Thou knowſt I loue, and once didſt loue me too.
Then where's the cauſe of this diſlike in thee?
Suruey thy ſelfe, I hope there's none in me.
Yet looke on her from whom thou art eſtranged;
See, is my perſon, or my beauty changed?
Once thou didſt praiſe it, prethee view't agen,
And marke if't be not ſtill the ſame 'twas then:
No falſe *Vermilion* dye my cheeke diſtaines,
Tis the pure bloud diſperſt through pores and vaines;
VVhich thou haſt oft ſeen through my forehead fluſh-
To ſhew no dawby colour hid my bluſhing: (ing,
Nor neuer ſhall: *Vertue*, I hope, will ſaue me,
Contented with that beauty *Nature* gaue me:
Or if't ſee me leſſe, for that griefes veile hath hid it,
Thou threw'ſt it on me, 'twas not I that did it.

And

And canſt againe reſtore, what may repaire
All that's decay'd, and make me far more faire:
Which if thou do, I'le be more wary than
To keep't for thee vnblemiſht, what I can;
And cauſe at beſt 'twill want much of perfection,
The reſt ſhall be ſupply'd with true affection.
But I do feare, it is ſome others riches,
Whoſe more aboundance that thy mind bewitches,
So that baſe obiect, that too generall aime,
Makes thee my leſſer *Fortune* to diſclaime.
Fye, canſt thou ſo degenerate in ſpirit,
As to prefer the meanes before the merit?
Although I cannot ſay it is in me,
Such worth ſometimes with pouerty may be
To equalize the match ſhe takes vpon her;
Tho th'other vaunt of *Birth, Wealth, Beauty, Honour:*
And many a one that did for greatneſſe wed,
Would gladly change it for a meaner bed.
Yet are my *Fortunes* knowne indifferent,
Not baſely meane, but ſuch as may content:
And though I yeeld the better to be thine,
I may be bold to ſay thus much, for mine;
That if thou couldſt of them and me eſteeme,
Neither thy ſtate, nor birth, would miſbeſeeme:
Or if it did; how can I help't (alas!)
Thou, not alone, before knew'ſt what it was.
But I (although not fearing ſo to ſpeed)
Did alſo diſinable't more then need,

And

And yet thou woo'dſt, and wooing didſt perſeuer,
As if thou hadſt intended *Loue* for euer:
Yea, thy account of wealth thou mad'ſt ſo ſmall,
Thou had'ſt not any queſtion of't at all;
But hating much that peaſant-like condition,
Did'ſt ſeeme diſpleaſ'd I held it in ſuſpition.
Whereby I thinke, if nothing elſe do thwart vs,
It cannot be the want of that will part vs.
Yea, I do rather doubt indeed, that this
The needleſſe feare of friends diſpleaſure is;
That is the barre that ſtops out my delight,
And all my hope and ioy confoundeth quite.
But beares there any in thy heart ſuch ſway
To ſhut me thence, and wipe thy loue away?
Can there bé any friend that hath the power,
To diſvnite hearts ſo conioyn'd as our?
E're I would haue ſo done by thee; I'de rather
Haue parted with one deerer then my father.
For though the will of our Creator binds
Each child to learne and know his parents minds,
Yet ſure I am, ſo iuſt a *Deity*
Commandeth nothing againſt *Piety*.
Nor doth that band of duty giue them leaue,
To violate their faith, or to deceiue.
And though that *Parents* haue authority,
To rule their children in minority;
Yet they are neuer granted ſuch power on them,
That will allow to tyrannize vpon them,

Or

Or vſe them vnder their command ſo ill,
To force them, without reaſon, to their will.
For who hath read in all the ſacred writ,
Of any one compeld to marriage (yet?)
Or father ſo vnkind (thereto requir'd)
Deny'd his *Child* the match that he deſir'd,
So that he found the lawes did not forbid it?
I thinke thoſe gentler ages no men did it.
In thoſe dayes therefore for them to haue bin
Contracted without licence, had been ſin;
Since there was more good *Nature* among men,
And euery one more truly louing then.
But now (although we ſtand obliged ſtill
To labour for their liking, and good will)
There is no duty whereby they may tye vs
From ought which without reaſon they deny vs:
For I do thinke, it is not onely meant
Children ſhould aske, but *Parents* ſhould conſent:
And that they erre, their duty as much breaking,
For not conſenting, as we not for ſpeaking.
„ It is no maruaile many matches be
„ Concluded now without their priuitie;
„ Since they, through greedy *Auarice* miſled,
„ Their intereſt in that haue forfeited.
For theſe reſpectleſſe of all care, do marry
Hot youthfull *May* to cold old *Ianuary*.
Thoſe for ſome greedy end doe baſely tye
The ſweeteſt faire to foule deformitie.

Forcing

Forcing a loue from where 'twas placed late,
To re-ingraffe it where it turnes to hate.
It ſeemes no cauſe of hindrance in their eyes,
Though manners nor affections ſympathize.
And two Religions by their rules of ſtate,
They may in one made body tolerate,
As if they did deſire that double ſtemme,
Should fruitfull beare but *Neuters* like to them.
Alas, how many numbers of both kindes
By that haue euer diſcontented mindes!
And liue (though ſeeming vnto others well)
In the next torments vnto thoſe of hell.
How many deſprate growne by this their ſinne,
Haue both vndone themſelues and all their kinne?
Many a one we ſee it makes to fall
VVith the too-late-repenting *Prodigall*.
Thouſands, though elſe by nature gentler giuen,
To act the horrideſt murthers oft are driuen.
And which is worſe, there's many a careleſſe elfe,
(Vnleſſe heauen pitty) kils and damnes himſelfe.
Oh what hard heart, or what vnpittying eyes,
Could hold from teares to ſee thoſe Tragedies,
Parents by their neglect in this, haue hurld
Vpon the ſtage of this reſpectleſſe world?
Tis not one *Man*, one *Family*, one *Kinne*,
No nor one *Countrey* that hath ruind bin
By ſuch their *Folly*, which the cauſe hath prou'd,
That forraine oft, and ciuill warres were mou'd

By

Fidelia.

By such beginnings many a Citty lies
Now in the dust, whose *Turrets* brau'd the skies:
And diuers *Monarkes* by such fortunes croft,
Haue seene their Kingdomes sir'd, & spoil'd & loft.
Yet all this while, thou seest, I mention not
The ruine, shame, and chastity hath got;
For 'tis a taske too infinite to tell
How many thousands that would haue done well,
Do by the meanes of this, suffer desires
To kindle in their hearts vnlawfull fires:
Nay, some in whose cold breast ne're flame had bin
Haue onely for meere vengeance falne to sin.
My selfe haue seene, and my heart bled to see't,
A witlesse Clowne enioy a match vnmeet.
Shee was a Lasse that had a looke to moue
The heart of cold *Diogenes* to loue:
Her eye was such, whose every glaunce did know
To kindle flames vpon the hils of snow;
And by her powerfull peircings could imprint,
Or sparkle fire into a heart of flint:
And yet, vnlesse I much deceiued be,
In very thought did hate immodestie:
And (had sh'enioyd the man she could haue lou'd)
Might, to this day, haue liued vnreprou'd:
But being forc'd, perforce, by seeming friends,
With her consent, she her contentment ends.
In that compel'd, her selfe to him she gaue,
Whose bed, she rather could haue wisht her graue;

And

And ſince, I heare, what I much feare is true,
That ſhe hath bidden ſhame and fame adiew.
Such are the cauſes now that *Parents* quite
Are put beſide much of their ancient right:
The feare of this, makes children to with-hold
From giuing them thoſe dues which elſe they wold:
And theſe thou ſee'ſt are the too fruitfull ills,
Which daily ſpring from their vnbridled wils.
Yet they, forſooth, will haue it vnderſtood,
That all their ſtudy, is their childrens good.
A ſeeming *Loue* ſhall couer all they do:
When, if the matter were well look't into,
Their carefull reach is chiefly to fulfill
Their owne foule, greedy, and inſatiate will:
Who quite forgetting they were euer yong,
Wold haue their children dote with them on dung.
Grant, betwixt two, there be true loue, content,
Birth not miſ-ſeeming, wealth ſufficient,
Equality in yeares, an honeſt fame,
In euery ſide the perſon without blame,
And they obedient too: What can you gather
Of Loue, or of Affection, in that father,
That but a little to augment his treaſure,
(Perhaps, no more but onely for his pleaſure:)
Shall force his child to one he doth abhor,
From her he loues, and iuſtly ſeeketh for;
Compelling him, (for ſuch miſfortune grieu'd)
To die with care, that might with ioy haue liu'd?

This

Fidelia.

This you may ſay is *Loue*, and ſweare as well,
There's paines in *Heauen*, and delights in *Hell*;
Or that the Deuils fury and auſterity,
Proceeds out of his care of our proſperity.
Would *Parents* (in this age) haue vs begin
To take by their eyes, our affections in?
Or do they thinke we beare them in our fiſt,
That we may ſtill remoue them as they liſt?
It is impoſſible it ſhould be thus,
For we are rul'd by *Loue*, not Loue by vs:
And ſo our power ſo much ne're reacheth to,
To know where we ſhall loue, vntill we do.
And when it comes, hide it a while we may,
But 'tis not in our ſtrengths to driue't away.
Either mine owne eie ſhould my chuſer be,
Or I would ne're weare *Hymens* Liuery.
For who is he ſo neare my heart doth reſt,
To know what 'tis, that mine approueth beſt:
I haue my ſelfe beheld thoſe men, whoſe frame,
And outward perſonages had nought of blame,
They had (what might their good proportiõ grace)
The much more-mouing part, a comely face,
With many of thoſe complements, which wee,
In common men, of the beſt breeding ſee.
They had diſcourſe, and wit enough to carry
Themſelues in faſhion, at an *Ordinary*;
Gallants they were, lou'd company and ſport,
Wore fauours, and had *Miſtreſſes* in Court:

And

And euery way were ſuch that they might ſeeme
Worthy of note, reſpect, and much eſteeme;
Yet hath my eye more cauſe of liking ſeene,
Where nought perhaps by ſome hath noted beene
And I haue there found more content, by farre,
Where ſome of theſe perfections wanting are;
Yea ſo much, that their beauties were a blot
To them (me-thought) becauſe he had them not.
There ſome peculiar thing innated is,
That beares an vncontrouled ſway in this;
And nothing but it ſelfe knowes how to fit
The minde with that which beſt ſhall ſuit with it.
Then why ſhould *Parents* thruſt themſelues into
What they want warrant for, and power to do?
How is it they are ſo forgetfull growne,
Of thoſe conditions, that were once their owne?
Do they ſo dote amidſt their wits perfection,
To thinke that age and youth hath like affection?
(When they do ſee 'mong thoſe of equall yeares,
One hateth what another moſt endeares.)
Or do they thinke their wiſedomes can inuent
A thing to giue, that's greater then Content?
No, neither ſhall they wrap vs in ſuch blindneſſe,
To make vs thinke the ſpight they do a kindneſſe.
For as I would aduiſe no child to ſtray
From the leaſt duty that hee ought to pay:
So would I alſo haue him wiſely know,
How much that duty is which he doth owe:

That knowing what doth vnto both belong,
He may do them their right, himselfe no wrong,
For if my *Parents* him I loath should chuse,
'Tis lawfull, yea my duty to refuse:
Else, how shall I lead so vpright a life,
As is enioyned to the *Man* and *Wife*?
Since that we see sometime there are repentings,
Eu'n where there are the most, & best contentings.
What, though that by our *Parents* first we liue,
Is not life, misery enough to giue;
Which at their births the children doth vndo,
Vnlesse they adde some other mischiefe to?
Cause they gaue being to this flesh of our,
Must we be therefore slaues vnto their power?
We ner'e desir'd it, for how could we tell,
Not being, but that not to be was well:
Nor know they whom they profite by it, seeing
Happy were some, if they had had no being.
Indeed, had they produc'd vs without sin,
Had all our duty to haue pleas'd them bin:
Of the next life, could they assure the state,
And both beget vs and regenerate;
There were no reason then we should withstand
To vndergoe their tyranou'st command,
In hope that either for our hard endurance,
We should, at last, haue comfort in assurance:
Or if in our endeuours we mis-sped,
At least feele nothing when we should be dead.

But

But what's the *Reason* for't that we ſhall be
Enthral'd ſo much vnto Mortality?
Our ſouleson will of any *Men* to tye
Vnto an euerlaſting miſery.
So farre, perhaps too, from the good of either,
We ruine them, our ſelues, and all together.
Children owe much, I muſt confeſſe, 'tis true,
And a great debt is to the *Parents* due:
Yet if they haue not ſo much power to craue
But in their owne defence the liues they gaue:
How much leſſe then, ſhould they become ſo cruell
As to take from them the high priſed Iewell
Of liberty in choice, whereon depends
The maine contentment that the heauen here lends;
Worth life or wealth, nay far more worth then either,
Or twenty thouſand liues put all together.
Then howſoeuer ſome, ſeuerer bent,
May deeme of my opinion, or intent,
With that which followes thus conclude I do:
(And I haue Reaſon for't, and Conſcience too)
No Parent may his Childs iuſt ſuite deny
On his bare will, without a reaſon why:
Nor he ſo vſ'd, be diſobedient thought,
If vnapprou'd he take the match hee ſought.
So then if that thy faith vncrazed be,
Thy friends diſlike ſhall be no ſtop to me:
For if their will be not of force to do it,
They ſhall haue no cauſe elſe to driue them to it.

Let them bring all forth that they can alledge,
We are both yong, and of the fitteſt age,
If thou diſſembledſt not, both loue, and both
To admit hinderance in our loues were loth.
'Tis preiudiciall vnto none that liues,
And Gods, and humane Law our warrant giues.
Nor are we much vnequall in degree,
Perhaps our *Fortunes* ſomewhat different be.
But ſay that little meanes, which is, were not,
The want of wealth may not diſſolue this knot.
For though ſome ſuch prepoſterous courſes wend,
Preſcribing to themſelues no other end;
Marr'age was not ordain'd t'enrich men by,
Vnleſſe it were in their poſterity.
And he that doth for other cauſes wed,
Ner'e knowes the true ſweetes of a marriage bed:
Nor ſhall hee by my will; for 'tis vnfit
He ſhould haue bliſſe that neuer aym'd at it.
Though that bewitching gold the *Rable* blinds,
And is the obiect of the *Vulgar* minds:
Yet thoſe me-thinkes that graced ſeeme to bee,
With ſo much good as doth appeare in thee,
Should ſcorne, their better-taught deſires to tye
To that, which fooles do get their honour by.
I can like of the wealth I muſt confeſſe,
Yet more I prize the man, though mony-leſſe.
I am not of their humour yet, that can,
For Title, or Eſtate, affect a *Man*;

Or of my ſelfe, one body deigne to make
With him I loath, for his poſſeſſions ſake.
Nor wiſh I euer to haue that minde bred
In me, that is in thoſe; who, when they wed,
Thinke it enough they do attaine the grace,
Of ſome new honour, to fare well, take place,
Weare coſtly clothes, in others ſights agree,
Or happy in opinion ſeeme to bee.
I weigh not this: for were I ſure before
Of *Spencers* wealth, or our rich *Suttons* ſtore:
Had I therewith a man, whom *Nature* lent
Perſon enough to giue the eye content:
If I no outward due, nor right did want,
Which the beſt huſbands in appearance grant:
Nay, though alone we had no [illegible]uate iarres,
But merry liu'd from all domeſtick cares;
Vnleſſe I thought his *Nature* ſo incline,
That it might alſo ſympathize with mine,
(And yeeld ſuch correſpondence with my mind,
Our ſoules might mutually contentment find,
By adding vnto theſe which went before,
Some certaine vnexpreſſed pleaſures more,
Such as exceed the ſtreight & curb'd dimenſions
Of common minds, and vulgar apprehenſions)
I would not care for ſuch a match, but tarry
In this eſtate I [illegible]nd neuer marry.
Such were the ſweetes I hop'd to haue poſſeſt,
When *Fortune* ſhold with thee haue made me bleſt.

Fidelia.

My heart could hardly thinke of that content
To apprehend it without rauiſhment.
Each word of thine (me-thought) was to my eares
More pleaſing then that muſick, which the *Spheares*
(They ſay) do make the Gods; when in their chime,
Their motions *Diapaſon* with the time.
In my conceit, the opening of thy eye,
Seem'd to giue light to euery obiect by,
And ſhed a kind of life vnto my ſhew,
In euery thing that was within it view.
More ioy I'ue felt to haue thee but in place,
Then many doe in the moſt cloſe embrace
Of their beloued'ſt friend, which well doth proue,
Not to thy body onely tends my loue.
But mounting a true height, growes ſo diuine,
It makes my ſoule to fall in loue with thine.
And ſure now whatſoe'r e thy body do,
Thy ſoule loues mine, and oft they viſit too.
For late I dream'd they went I know not whither,
Vnleſſe to *Heauen*, and there play'd together;
And to this day I nere could know or ſee,
'Twixt them or vs the laſt *Antipathy*.
Then what ſhould make thee keepe thy perſon hence,
Or leaue to loue, or hold it in ſuſpence?
If to offend thee I vnwares was driuen,
Is't ſuch a fault as may not be forgiuen?
Or if by frownes of *Fate* I haue beene check't,
So that I ſeeme not worth thy firſt reſpect,

Shall

Shall I be therefore blamed and vpbraided,
With what could not be holpen, nor auoyded?
'Tis not my fault: yet cauſe my *Fortunes* doe,
Wilt thou be ſo vnkinde to wrong me too?
Not vnto *Thine*, but thee I ſet my heart,
So nought can wipe my loue out while thou art:
Though thou wert poorer both of houſe and meate,
Then he that knowes not where to ſleepe or eate:
Though thou wert ſunke into obſcuritie,
Become an abiect in the worlds proud eye,
Though by peruerſneſſe of thy *Fortune* croſt,
Thou wert deformed, or ſome limbe had'ſt loſt,
That loue which *Admiration* firſt begot,
Pitty would ſtrengthen, that it failed not:
Yea I ſhould loue thee ſtill, and without blame,
As long as thou couldſt keepe thy minde the ſame;
Which is of *Vertues* ſo compact (I take it)
No mortall change ſhall haue the power to ſhake it.
This may, and will (I know) ſeeme ſtrange to thoſe
That cannot the *Abyſſe* of loue diſcloſe,
Nor muſt they thinke, whom but the out-ſide moues,
Euer to apprehend ſuch noble *Loues*,
Or more coniecture their vnſounded meaſure,
Then can we mortals of immortall pleaſure.
Then let not thoſe dull vnconceiuing braines,
Who ſhall hereafter come to read theſe ſtraines,
Suppoſe that no loues fire can be ſo great,
Becauſe it giues not their cold Clyme ſuch heate.

Or thinke m'inuention could haue reached here
Vnto ſuch thoughts, vnleſſe ſuch loue there were.
For then they ſhall but ſhew their knowledge weake,
And iniure me, that feele of what I ſpeake.
But now my lines grow tedious, like my wrong,
And as I thought that, thou thinkſt this too long.
Or ſome may deeme, I thruſt my ſelfe into
More then beſeemeth modeſtie to doe.
But of the difference I am not vnwitting,
Betwixt a peeuiſh coynes, and things vnfitting:
Nothing reſpect I, who pries ore my dooing:
For here's no vaine allurements, nor fond wooing,
To traine ſome wanton ſtranger to my lure;
But with a thought that's honeſt, chaſt, and pure,
I make my cauſe vnto thy conſcience knowne,
Suing for that which is by right my owne.
In which complaint, if thou do hap to finde
Any ſuch word, as ſeemes to be vnkinde:
Miſtake me not, it but from *Paſſion* ſprung,
And not from an intent to do thee wrong.
Or if among theſe doubts my ſad thoughts breed,
Some (peraduenture) may be more then need.
They are to let thee know, might we diſpute,
There's no obiections but I could refute;
And ſpight of *Enuy* ſuch defences make,
Thou ſhouldſt embrace that loue thou doſt forſake.
Then do not (oh forgetfull man) now deeme,
That 'tis ought leſſe then I haue made it ſeeme.

Or

Or that I am vato this *Paſſion* mou'd,
Becauſe I cannot elſe-where be belou'd:
Or that it is thy ſtate, whoſe greatneſſe knowne,
Makes me become a ſutor for my owne:
Suppoſe not ſo; for know this day there be
Some that wooe hard for what I offer thee:
And I haue euer yet contented bin
With that eſtate I firſt was placed in.
Baniſh thoſe thoughts, and turne thee to my heart,
Come once againe, and be what once thou wert.
Reuiue me by thoſe wonted ioyes repairing,
That am nigh dead with ſorrowes and deſpairing.
So ſhall the memory of this annoy,
But adde more ſweetneſſe to my future Ioy;
Yea make me thinke thou meantſt not to deny me,
But onely wert eſtranged thus, to try me.
And laſtly, for that loues ſake thou once bar'ſt me,
By that right hand thou gau'ſt, that oath thou ſwar'ſt me,
By all the *Paſſions*, and (if any be) (me,
For her deere ſake that makes thee iniure me;
I here coniure thee; no; intreate and ſue,
That if theſe lines do ouer-reach thy view,
Thou wouldſt affoord me ſo much fauour for them,
As to accept, or at leaſt not abhorre them.
So though thou wholly cloake not thy diſdaine,
I ſhall haue ſomewhat the leſſe cauſe to plaine:
Or if thou needs muſt ſcoffe at this, or me,
Do't by thy ſelfe, that none may witneſſe be.

Not that I feare 'twill bring me any blame,
Onely I'me loth the world should know thy shame.
For all that shall this plaint with reason view,
Will iudge me faithfull, and thee most vntrue.
But if *Oblivion*, that thy loue bereft,
Hath not so much good nature in thee left,
But that thou must, as most of you men doe,
When you haue conquer'd, tyranize it too:
Know this before, that it is praise to no man,
To wrong so fraile a *Creature* as a woman,
And to insult or'e one, so much made thine,
Will more be thy disparagement then mine.
But oh (I pray that it portend no harme)
A chearing heate my chilled senses warmes:
Iust now I flashing feele into my breast,
A sudden comfort, not to be expreast;
Which to my thinking, doth againe begin,
To warme my heart, to let some hope come in,
It tels me, 'tis impossible that thou
Shouldst liue not to be mine; It whispers how
My former feares and doubts haue been in vaine,
And that thou mean'st yet to returne againe.
It sayes thy absence from some cause did grow,
Which, or I should not, or I could not know.
It telles me now, that all those proofes, whereby
I seem'd assur'd of thy disloyalty,
May be but treacherous plots of some base foes,
That in thy absence sought our ouer-throwes.

Which

Which if it proue; as yet me thinkes it may,
Oh! what a burthen ſhall I caſt away?
What cares ſhall I lay by? and to what height
Towre in my new aſcenſion to delight?
Sure er'e the full of it I come to try,
I ſhall ev'n ſurfeit in my ioy, and dye.
But ſuch a loſſe might well be cal'd a thriving
Since more is got by dying ſo, then living.
Come kill me then, my deare, if thou thinke fit,
With that which never killed woman yet:
Or write to me before, ſo ſhalt thou giue
Content more moderate that I may liue:
And when I ſee my ſtaffe of truſt vnbroken,
I will vnſpeake againe what is miſ-ſpoken.
What I haue written in diſpraiſe of *Men*,
I will recant, and praiſe as much agen;
In recompence Ile adde vnto their Stories
Encomiaſtick lines to ymp their glories.
And for thoſe wrongs my loue to thee hath done,
Both I and it vnto thy *Pitty* runne:
In whom, if the leaſt guilt thou finde to be,
For euer let thy armes impriſon me.
Meane while I'le try if miſery will ſpare
Me ſo much reſpite, to take truce with care.
And patiently await the doubtfull doome,
Which I expect from thee ſhould ſhortly come;
Much longing that I one way may be ſped,
And not ſtill linger 'twixt aliue and dead.

For

Fidelia.

For I can neither liue yet as I ſhould,
Becauſe I leaſt enioy of that I would;
Nor quiet dye, becauſe (indeed) I firſt
Would ſee ſome better dayes, or know the worſt.
Then haſten *Deare*, if to my end it be,
It ſhall be welcome, cauſe it comes from thee.
If to renew my *Comfort* ought be ſent,
Let me not looſe a minute of *Content*.
The pretious *Time* is ſhort, and will away;
Let vs enioy each other while we may.
Cares thriue, *Age* creepeth on, *Men* are but ſhades,
Ioyes leſſen, *Youth* decayes, and *Beauty* fades;
New turnes come on, the old returneth neu
If we let our go paſt, 'tis paſt for euer.

Shall ij wasting ijn des paire
dye because a woman's faire
or make palle my cheeks wistaire

The Authors Resolution in a Sonnet.

SHall I, wasting in despaire
Dye because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
Cause another's Rosie are?
Be she fairer then the Day,
Or the flowry Meads in May,
If she thinke not well of me,
What care I how faire she be.

Shall my seely heart be pin'd
Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed Nature
Ioyned with a lovely feature?
Be she Meeker, Kinder than
Turtle-doue, or *Pellican*:
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be,

Shal

Shall a womans Vertues moue
Me to perish for her Loue?
Or her wel deseruings knowne
Make me quite forget mine owne?
Be she with that Goodnesse blest
Which may merit name of best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how Good she be.

'ause her *Fortune* seemes too high,
ust I play the foole and die;
She that beares a Noble mind,
If not outward helpes she find,
Thinks what with them he wold do,
That without them dares her woe.
And vnlesse that *Minde* I see,
What care I how great she be.

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire,
I will ne're the more despaire
If she loue me (this beleeue)
I will Die ere she shall grieue.
If she slight me when I woe,
I can scorne and let her goe,
For if shé be not for me
What care I for whom she be.

Inter

Inter Equitand: Palinod.

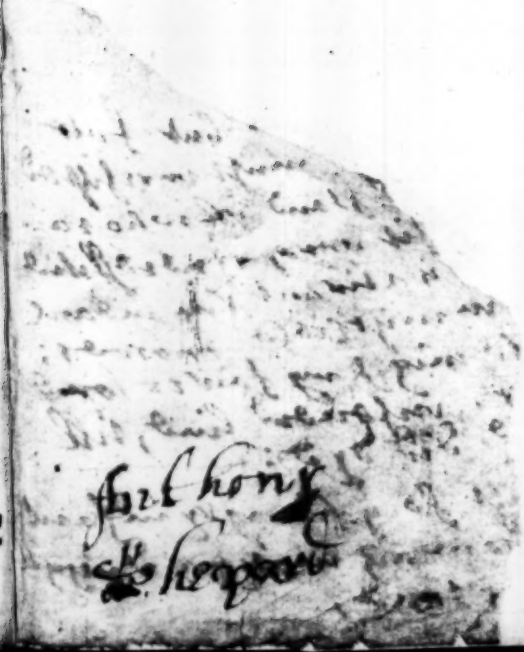
MY *Genius* say what *Thoughts* these pantings moue,
Thy *Thoughts of Loue.*
What *Flames* are these that set my heart on fire?
Flames of *Desire.*
What are the *Meanes* that these two vnderprop?
Thy earnest *Hope.*
Then yet I'me happy in my sweete *Friends* choyce
For they in depth of *Passion* can reioyce,
Whose *Thoughts* and *Flames* and *Meanes* haue such blest scope,
They may at once both *Loue*, *Desire*, and *Hope.*

But tell what *Fruite* at last my *Loue* shall gaine?
Hidden *Disdaine.*
What will that *Hope* proue which yet *Faith* keeps fast?
Hopelesse *Despaire.*
What *End* will runne my *Passions* out of breath?
Vntimely *Death.*
Oh me! that *Passion* ioyn'd with *Faith* and *Loue*,
Should with my *Fortunes* so vngracious proue,
That *she'le* no *fruite*, nor *Hope*, nor *End* bequeath,
But cruellest *Disdaine*, *Despaire*, and *Death.*

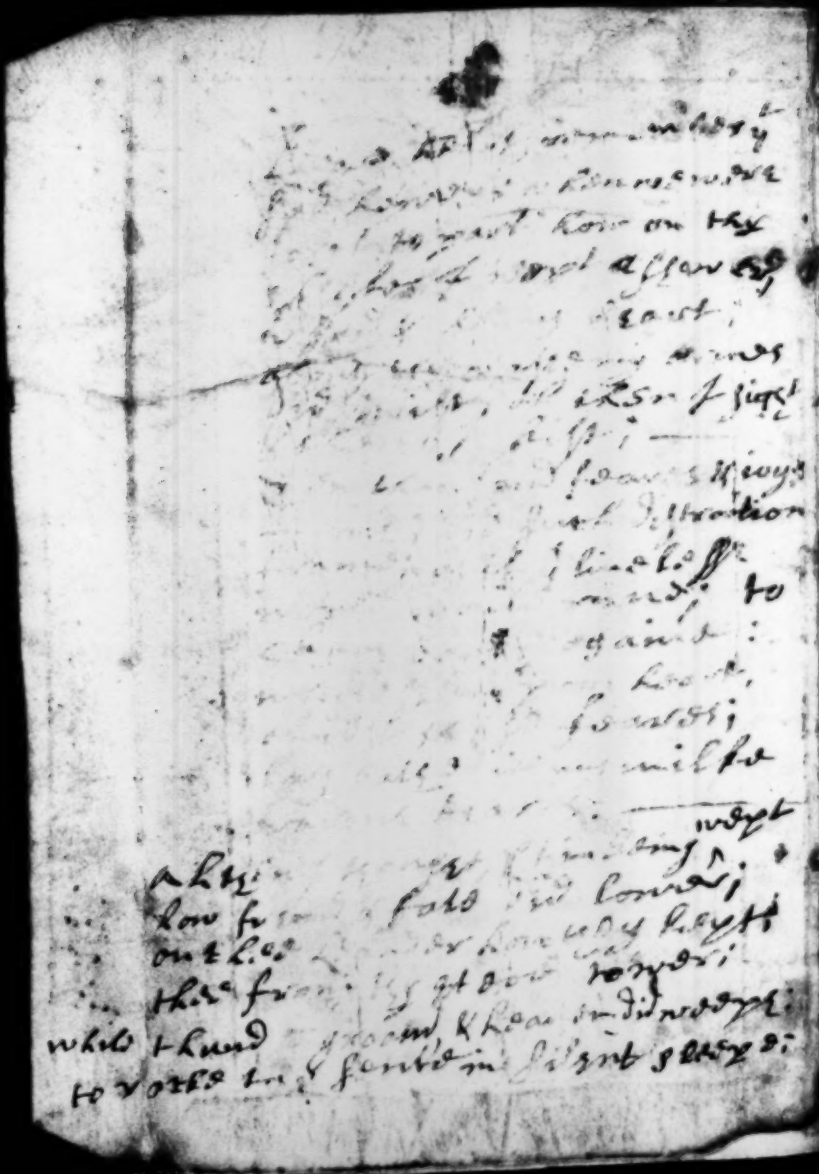
Th

...hat new *Study* ſhall I now apply?
Study to *Dye*.
How might I end my *Care*, and die content?
Care to *Repent*.
And what good *Thoughts* may make my *End* more holy?
Thinke on thy *Folly*.
...ll, ſo I will, and ſince my *Fate* may giue
...thing but diſcontents whilſt here I liue.
My *Studies*, *Cares*, and *Thoughts* Ile all apply
To weigh my *Folly* well, *Repent*, and *Dye*.

FINIS.



but fate
must unchisted
stand, oh who can
it oppose, necessitie
is a tirant, & no meant
in misteriose knowes;
the might my fairer lowe
of; unseneard line, till
me did dye:
Just so y hungry infant
from his mothers dugg
is tone.



when his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] spread
a longe, myrs dulcid milke to
gaine. Upon and nothing bringes
ye babe to rest, untill [illegible] sleppe
uppon her brest

Si non vis falli, [illegible]
fugias consortia talium.

thus beinge [illegible] loud, and
for [illegible] to lea[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
f[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the
leaf delight [illegible] [illegible] stole my
heart do pant [illegible] [illegible] ngd for ada-
-mant: Oh let [illegible] [illegible] content, be
clowded in [illegible] [illegible] are fr[illegible]ends
ye have my b[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] beinge to
my powes; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] my heart,
[illegible] when, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you'l say amen
such kind nesse [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
stall bind. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
943.